

ELEMENT OF CHANCE

"Episode 1"

Written by
Christopher Chance

chrischance.co.uk
Chancerchris@hotmail.co.uk
Tel: 07717611018

DRAFT NAME
04/09/18

Ep 1. ELEMENT OF CHANCE

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. THE RANGE ROVER - SPANISH MOTORWAY - DAY

In a blue cloudless sky a soaring eagle hunts for his food in the silence of the afternoon (long beat), which is shattered by the ROAR of a speeding muscle car.

The sun glints in the windscreen of a cruising Range Rover. The driver pulls down the visor and checks the rear view.

The muscle car side-swipes the Rover into the steel median. SCREAMING metal FORCES the muscle car into the flow of horn-blaring traffic; the driver wrestling the steering.

The V8 Rover pulls away from the pursuers as the sun shines on the RINGING cell-phone on the console.

CHANCER, a hard-faced, 35-ish muscular Englishman, swiftly opens the phone as he accelerates along the motorway.

EXT. STATIONARY JEEP ON HIGHWAY - DAY

PACO, a 30 year old Spaniard is furtively speaking into his cell phone as he slinks away from his jeep on the busy highway as Spanish police tactically move in... aiming their weapons.

Horns blare as armed cops rush in to surround the jeep and other cars caught in the ambush.

A cop grabs Paco as he talks into the cell phone.

INTERCUT. INT. RANGE ROVER #1/EXT. PACO'S JEEP ON HIGHWAY #2

CHANCER #1

(into phone)

Not now, PACO, I'm busy!

PACO #2

(into phone - panic stricken)

Turn around now! We are in the bag!
The cops are waiting for you in
Madrid. You are the evidence - don't
get caught!

CHANCER #1

Shit, man! They're on my tail! (beat)
You useless bastard... putting me in
this shit!

(hangs up)

He throws it on the passenger seat.

With the pedal to the metal he weaves between traffic. His pursuers collide with swerving cars. Blaring horns and screeching metal urge Chancer towards a distant signpost.

Three cars skid into position, blocking the motorway ahead making the slip road his only avenue of escape. The SIGNPOST reads "Junction 13."

He slams on the brakes as two cars drive at him against the flow of traffic boxing him in. A wild-eyed man runs at Chancer waving a pistol. He slams the car door into the man, knocking him over.

Chancer runs to the rear, leaps on the car behind and jumps over the median. Landing badly, he winds himself and stumbles into a nearby hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The hotel is deserted and under construction.

CHANCER'S P O V - IN THE LOBBY

Glass doors ahead. Several cars beyond them parked out back. Desperately tries doors - they are locked. Reflections of approaching men.

Five men enter as he frantically tries the door. A large man grabs at Chancer and is dropped with a throat punch.

Chancer wades in with finger strikes to the eyes; groin kicks, head butts and punches. A pistol appears.

Raising his hands above his head he backs to the wall.

CHANCER

Tranquilo, hombres.

His hands are cuffed behind his back as they curse in Spanish and PISTOL-WHIP him with their weapons. Much blood.

His face slams into the wall, noisily breaking his nose as another man pulls his legs from under him. His teeth shatter on the tiled floor. The beating continues. Kicks rain in.

The men, sweating and cursing, drag him by the ankles out of the hotel.

EXT. POLICE COMPOUND IN MADRID - DAY

Chancer is dragged from the car and made to stand facing a BIG MAN wearing a smart suit.

BIG MAN

So, Mr English, you try your karate
shit on my men. Not wise, Asshole!

Chance looked at him, hate in his eyes. He snarls.

CHANCER

Men? They ain't fucking men...
Maricones, fucking handbags... Get
these cuffs off... Asshole!

The big man jerks Chancer around to see the handcuffs cutting into his bleeding wrists. He calls to his grinning men.

BIG MAN

Quitalelos

Two men stroll over to Chancer and take off the handcuffs.

Chancer rubs his hands vigorously then notices his missing finger and thumb nails.

INT. WASHROOM/TOILET BLOCK - DAY

Chancer washes his hands and face from the tap. Grabbing his nose with both hands he forces it back into shape

Fresh blood splashes into the sink as his nose squeaks back into position.

Onlooking cops step back as one of them pukes into a sink, cursing in Spanish as Chancer grins mockingly.

INT. HOSPITAL A&E TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Chancer, surrounded by cops, is silent as a large female doctor noisily scrapes his skull with the needle as she stitches.

The SENIOR OFFICER is handed Chancer's dossier as he disdainfully looks at his injuries and the secret policemen.

He flips through pages of the file.

A PICTURE of Chancer in military uniform.

A PAGE of awards and qualifications which the officer reads out loud.

SENIOR OFFICER

(in accented English)

Royal Engineers; Grade 1 Combat
Engineer, Demolitions expert, Weapons
Instructor, Unarmed Combat Instructor,
Intelligence Operator - *Put a Madre!*

He turns to the bruised officers, smirks, looks at Chance.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

I see you taught them a thing or
two... And an honorable discharge, and
now you are caught with half a ton of
hashish? *Hijo de puta!*

The large female doctor digs deep with the stitching implement, noisily scratching his skull.

Chancer forces his mind to better times as a vision of Susan, his wife, flickers onto the screen of his mind.

END OF TEASER.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - DAY.

Chancer and his wife, SUSAN, a shapely blue-eyed blonde Londoner, appraise the large room. They are delighted, this is their dream location for their dojo.

SUPER: ONE YEAR AGO

They shake hands with the two Englishmen, STEVE and CHARLES, the owners.

CHANCER

This is great. Just the right size and we can hang punch-bags over here; changing rooms in there, reception right here... couldn't be better. What do you think, Babe?

SUSAN

Brilliant, Babe. It'll be the best martial arts academy in town.

STEVE

... we also have a house in the country. Would you like to see it?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY.

Susan is ecstatic with the dilapidated hillside house and its mud-filled swimming pool and flaky whitewash walls.

She grabs Chancer around his waist and hugs tight.

SUSAN

Oh, Babe! This is my dream! We've just gotta have it. We can move in now... tomorrow!

STEVE

Seeing as how you need to renovate it; you can have it for a peppercorn rent, dirt cheap.

MONTAGE. SEQUENCE OF SETTLING IN.

- A) Chancer and Susan, paint-spattered, working on the house. Trestles; ladders, paint. They're happy and laughing.
- B) Chancer in the dojo demonstrates punching with TWO students. Nobody else there.
- C) Susan fitting lace curtains in newly decorated kitchen. New cutlery and crockery on the dining table.
- D) Chancer in the dojo demonstrates hip throws with NINE students. Lots more noise and new people looking in.
- E) Susan turning burgers on their newly built BBQ. The house looks completely different - lived in, clean.
- F) Chancer ends a lesson in the dojo. He sees Steve and Charlie jostling through exiting students.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Charlie enter wearing serious expressions. Chancer takes them into his office. He knows things are not right.

CHARLES

... and so, I'm giving you first option to buy it. If you can't make the deposit, I'll have to sell it to the couple who want to buy it.

CHANCER

Over my dead body! You know we haven't enough for a deposit. There's got to be another way for us - you can't just chuck us out after all our hard work and expense because some one wants to buy it.

STEVE

There is a way for you, but you might not like it. It takes guts, but really it's a piece of cake.

CHANCER

OK, shoot! Tell me what I've got to do, if it's a piece of cake.

STEVE

Take a bit of hashish to Liverpool, it's piss easy, we've been doing it for years. No probs--

CHANCER

--No chance! I'm not touching that shit... fucking drugs? No!

Charlie grunts and walks out, shaking his head.

STEVE

Think about it. You've got a few days before Charlie sells the place. You'll earn enough for the deposit with just one run.

CHANCER

Bollocks! I'll find the money somehow.

EXT/INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan is happy making it homely. She makes up the bed in the spare room and calls out to Chancer.

SUSAN

Your Mum will be here next week, Babe... you must be getting excited now. Especially now the house is finished. I know I am.

She comes out of the bedroom to feather dust a black belt draped around a photo hanging on the wall - she's proud.

Chancer is on the side of the pool talking into his cell-phone.

CHANCER

(into the phone)

OK, Steve, I'll do it... but just one trip - no more.

Closing the phone, he calls back to Susan.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Yeah, Babe, can't wait to see her face when she sees what you've done to this place. Be proud sweetheart, I know I am.

Susan exits the house, dusting her hands, but she notices Chancer's new habit of staring morosely at the sky, ignoring the puppies around his feet.

SUSAN

What's the matter, Babe? You've been out of sorts for a few days.

CHANCER

Oh, it's nothing to worry about, Sweetheart. I've been asked to do a seminar in France over a weekend next month and it means you being here alone for a couple of days.

SUSAN

This is our little paradise, Babe. Don't worry about me here with our dogs... I've never been so happy.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Charles fuss around the tailor, measuring Chancer's chest and fitting him with a neoprene skirt stretching from his neck to his knees.

CHANCER

(chuckles)

I hope this isn't a straight-jacket
your measuring me up for.

STEVE

I'm surprised you ain't been measured
for one before with your years in the
army... Why'd you leave it?

CHANCER

I got sick of Northern Ireland... Not
enough adrenalin.

STEVE

This job'll suit you then, especially
when you go through customs.

CHANCER

Oh yeah? So much for 'piss easy' then.

The tailor fitted a length of neoprene material across Chancer's back, rolled it up and walked out with it in his bag. Charles followed him leaving Steve alone with Chancer.

STEVE

He'll have that ready soon, but now
we'll go over to Mustang Sally's bar
to meet PACO. He'll take you down to
La Linea for the shit.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S BAR - DAY

Leaning on the bonnet of the Range Rover, Chancer eyeballs a shifty 30 year old Spaniard as he walks out of the bar.

STEVE

Paco's an old hand. He'll show you the
ropes and meet the suppliers.

A quick handshake and they get in the car as Steve walks into the pub.

EXT/INT. HOUSE IN BACK STREET LA LINEA - DAY

The Range Rover pulls in behind lines of laundry hung across the street.

Hidden by the laundry, Chancer and Paco enter the house to meet LITO, the gypsy and OUASSINI, a Moroccan hashish grower. Paco introduces them.

PACO

Lito is the gypsy boss down here and
Ouassini supplies the shit.

They each shake hands in turn as they meaningfully eyeball each other.

Slabs of hashish are counted into the kitbags and Chancer hands over a packet of banknotes. Lito quickly counts it.

The deal is done - exchange cash for hashish and stash the kitbags in the car. Gypsy lookouts wave the 'all clear' and they are out of there.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PREPARATION AND SMUGGLING TO ENGLAND

- A) Chancer is carefully inserting individual slabs of hashish into plastic bags which Steve is holding open. Steve inserts the end of the bag into the vacuum sealing machine which hisses as it shrink wraps the slab. He drops it in a bucket of bleach.
- B) With 20 slabs (called nine-bars) in the bleach bucket, they take off their overalls and surgical gloves and carry the bucket to an adjacent room where they put on fresh overalls and gloves. They remove the nine-bars and lay them out on a table to dry.
- C) Chancer, dressed in his neoprene garment, stands erect as Steve wraps each nine-bar with fresh tape and attaches and tapes them all on Chancer's back. Grabbing the hem of the skirt, he pulls it up over the nine-bars sandwiching them in the garment. Chancer struts around the room shrugging his shoulders confident nothing can fall out.
- D) Chancer walks through the metal detector arch at Malaga airport carrying tickets and passport in one hand and an overnight bag in the other. He nods hello to the two Guardia Civil officers on duty who acknowledge with a touch cap salute as he passes undetected and heads for check in.
- E) Chancer walks through the green lane at customs and out through the arrivals concourses at Manchester airport (SERIES OF SHOTS) and Gatwick airport and Bristol airport and Exeter airport and Leeds-Bradford airport.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve walks in wearing a big grin.

STEVE

We have a better way of doing it. What do you think of this? We put the shit in a petrol tank and you drive over in style.

CHANCER

How the hell are you going to do that without ruining the shit?

STEVE

I'll pick you up later and take you to the workshop. You'll see for yourself. Absolutely undetectable!

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY.

The house looks beautiful with its new extension and new balustrade. The swimming pool looks inviting with its fresh coat of turquoise blue paint under the crystal clear water.

Susan is in tears and squeezing Chancer's hands across the table in the shade of the sun brolly. Truly anguished.

SUSAN

... and you must stop this now, Babe. I'm not able to sleep knowing the risks you're taking.

CHANCER

Stop worrying, sweetheart. We have a fool-proof way of doing it now and when we've paid for the house I'll stop doing it.

SUSAN

And how long will that be, Babe?

CHANCER

Not long, Babe. It'll be over before you know it. Trust me.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PREPARING AND DRIVING DRUGS CAR TO ENGLAND

- A) Car jacked up on axle-stands with the petrol tank on the floor. Chancer lifts it out from under the car.
- B) Petrol tank on workshop bench with top cut off and section steel being welded into position showing divide for petrol and hashish. Crackling flashes and sparks flying.
- C) Hashish is packed into fuel tank, secured and placed under car ready for fitting back into position.
- D) Chancer drives onto the ferry and through passport control points (SERIES OF SHOTS) at Calais; Boulogne-sur-mer, Dieppe, Le Havre and Caen.
- E) Disembarking (SERIES OF SHOTS) at Dover, Portsmouth and Folkstone.

INT. LITO'S HOUSE - LA LINEA - DAY

Lito and Chancer finish packing hashish into kitbags as Lito's wife brings in cups of coffee.

They relax and look at each other over their coffee cups.

LITO

... and you can sail a boat as well?

CHANCER

Oh, yeah. I can sail anything, mate.
Why do you ask?

LITO

I have a job for you, my friend. A
much better job than this one.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SAILING DRUGS FROM AFRICA

A) Chancer and Lito set out from a remote cove in a RIB (rigid inflatable boat) and head out to sea.

B) Chancer meets other skippers and cannabis growers at the loading docks in Morocco. He laughs with KENNEDY, a Rib jockey from Trinidad as their boats are loaded.

C) Chancer's Rib crunches onto a beach as men appear out of the darkness and frantically unload the hashish.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Chancer grimly shake hands in the empty dojo.

CHANCER

... and that's it. The house is mine,
I owe you nothing. I will supply you
with what you want but I have finished
working for you.

STEVE

I knew you would get big when you
found your way around, but we can
still do business.

EXT. BEACH BOAT YARD - DAY

Chancer works on a Narwal Rib as Paco animatedly pesters him. He cuts the motors, obviously irritated.

PACO

... and if I don't get the 500 kilos
of hashish to Burgos in time they will
kill me and my family.

CHANCER

OK, Paco, so you're gonna die.

PACO

But you are my friend and last hope.
Wharram I gonna do? You owe me. I got
you Lito and other suppliers in
Morocco. C'mon, it's my wife and kids
at stake here!

CHANCER

But I don't do that any more, Paco.
It's too risky and I am sailing the
day after tomorrow.

PACO

But they'll kill my wife and kids. You
can't let that happen. You can do this
tomorrow and be back tomorrow night.
C'mon, I got you Ouassini and your
other contacts; you wouldn't be
sailing that boat if it wasn't for me.

Chancer digs into his pocket and fishes out a coin. With a
meaningful look he flips the coin in the air and snarls.

CHANCER

Heads, I go.

The coin seems to slow down as it lands heads up.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

OK, you fuckin' owe me big time for
this! I'll use the Range Rover...
usual drill, you ride shotgun ten
minutes ahead of me. Where's the shit?

EXT. REMOTE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Range Rover pulls up next to Paco's jeep in front of the
barn and Chancer gets out as armed men appear in the doorway.

Paco comes out of the barn, obviously relieved, but nervous.

PACO

The men will load the Rover now. Thank
fuck you arrived, they would have shot
me if you hadn't come.

Chancer grunts as men carrying bales of hashish come out of the
barn and load the Rover. He looks daggers at the gunmen
lounging nearby.

Chancer checks the hashish inside the Rover and pulls a blanket
over it and slams the doors.

He and Paco synchronise watches and punch telephone numbers
into their cell phones.

CHANCER

Right, go now. I will be ten minutes behind you, you know the drill so don't fuck up.

Chancer sits in the Rover watching Paco drive away. He looks at his watch, starts the motor and moves slowly away from the gunmen toward the exit and stops.

He scans warily around the surrounding hills and spots a soaring eagle high in the sky.

He guns the motor and exits the farmhouse. A cloud of billowing dust behind him as he passes the directional sign for Madrid.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT DAY.

INT. HOLDING CELLS IN DOWNTOWN MADRID - DAY

Chancer is in a large cell with eight men. Food is brought around the cells by an internee and a belligerent prison officer. He cannot eat his food because of his bleeding mouth and broken teeth.

Chancer acknowledges a wave from CHINKY, a Chinese man.

CHINKY

Hey Engrish, food shit, eh?

Chancer gives him a smile and raises his hand in a half wave.

CHANCER

Hello, Chinky. Yeah, it's shit, man. Where're you from?

CHINKY

Hong Kong, but talk later when we get to prison.

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT - MADRID - DAY

A Judge dressed in black robes speaks in English.

JUDGE

Now you go Carabanchel prison on remand. You smuggle hashish... you pay big time... *fuera*, get out!

INT/EXT. PRISON VAN - DAY (DUSK)

Chancer sits amongst other prisoners, crammed and chained together in the meat wagon as it enters the prison.

The Guardia Civil officers get out to open the sliding side door. They are abusive and shout threats into the van.

Prison officers arrive and the inmates are dragged out, chains rattling into the fading sunlight of the evening.

PRISON OFFICERS
 (shouting in Spanish)
 Get out, you bastards, get out.

The men are pushed into line by the screws as the Guardia Civil officers take handcuffs from the inmates.

An officer puts his pistol to Chance's head as his colleague unlocks the manacles. Bullying prison officers frisk the inmates as the manacles are being removed.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER
 (in Spanish)
 Everybody undress, quickly.

Everyone undresses. Chancer is naked first, blood stained clothes lying in a heap at his feet. A screw brings a mirror and places it between Chancer's feet.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER
 (CONT'D)
 Squat, quickly.

Chance squats over the mirror as the screw ogles his rectum. His face lights up as he discovers the injuries to Chancer's rectum and testicles.

He picks up Chancer's bloody clothes with the end of his truncheon and flicks them into a nearby holding cell and gestures for him to follow and get dressed.

INT. RECEPTION BUILDING - NIGHT

The large prison officer manning the finger print table, grabs Chancer's wrist and forces his fingers in turn on the ink slab and onto the record sheet. The word *PELIGROSO* (Dangerous) is stamped in red on the record sheet for all to see.

The screw repeats the process with the other hand, smearing blood from Chancer's damaged fingers onto his own hands.

CHANCER
 I have AIDS, *SIDA*, you fat bastard.

Chancer smirks as the fear hits home in the bully's brain.

FAT PRISON OFFICER
 (cursing in Spanish)

Rushes to the washroom as his colleague shoves Chance toward the mug-shot photographer. Two officers grab Chance and force him backwards into a white tiled wall, banging his head and smearing blood on the wall.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER
 (shouting in Spanish)
 You stupid English bastard, wipe that blood off the wall.

A toilet roll hits Chancer. He wipes the ink and blood from his fingers. The officer pushes him into the wall indicating the paper is to wipe the wall, not his fingers.

The photo is quickly taken and Chance is pushed to the next table where he signs the record sheet.

An officer beckons him to sign for his washing and shaving kit, bedding, towel and contraceptives. The officer nods towards a shower cubicle across the room.

Another officer screams at him to hurry and strip naked to take a shower. Chancer steps into the shower and turns his back on the ogling officer.

INT. DIMLY LIT PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A tall, slim officer escorts Chance along dimly lit corridors to Wing 5. Distant shouts and screams break the eerie silence.

The escort hands over Chancer to DON IGNACIOUS, an ugly prison officer at entrance to Wing 5, who prods Chance with his truncheon ahead of him as the iron gate clangs shut.

INT. WING 5 - TOP LANDING - NIGHT

Chancer walks in front of escort along a poorly lit landing whilst looking down through the safety net at the lower landings. The escort taps the handrail with his truncheon.

Cockroaches and rats scatter as they approach cell 98. The escort inserts key and slams back the big steel bolt and pulls open the cell door.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

Two Arabs, TRIBAK and HASSAN stand to attention as Chancer and escort enter the dimly lit cell. The escort snarls and points his truncheon threateningly at the Arabs.

DON IGNACIOUS
(in Spanish)
Another foreigner!

TRIBAK AND HASSAN
Si, senor, muy bien, senor.

Escort officer backs out of the cell pointing his truncheon menacingly at Chance.

He SLAMS the door shut, SLAMS the steel bolt, turns the key and can be heard tapping the handrail as he walks away. The Arabs grab each of Chance's hands, vigorously shaking them in welcome.

TRIBAK
You are English, yes?

CHANCER

Good guess, Omar. You're Arab, yeah?

TRIBAK

My name is Tribak - not Omar. We are from Algiers. Come, sit, we make your bed before lights out... then we talk.

The Arabs make up a third bed as Chancer washes blood from his hands. The Arabs gasp as they see the injuries to Chance's body as he undresses.

HASSAN

Police?

CHANCER

Sort of; not regular police. Camel shit dressed in jeans and T-shirts.

TRIBAK

Aha, Secret Police, gutter gods.

Hassan gives Chancer a T-shirt and Tribak hands him a lumberjack style shirt. Chancer gives a rare smile as the cell light goes out and they each climb into their beds.

SLIGHT TIME CUT

Moonlight shines in through the barred window as Chancer buries his head in the pillow. The heartache and numbing sadness express itself in a dream as tears of frustration soak into the pillow.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY - DREAM.

Chancer's wife, Susan, feeds dogs; Roxy, the Rottweiler and Sammy and Max, the German Shepherds.

The happy group unaware of Chance's imprisonment are having fun around the swimming pool.

The dream is shattered by a piercing scream.

END DREAM.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT.

Tribak leaps out of bed as screams from the depths of the gallery reverberate around the wing.

In the moonlight, Tribak slides back the metal plate of the judas hole to squint out with one eye. He speaks in rapid Arabic. Hassan translates.

HASSAN

Four screws are beating an inmate who was just caught raping his cell mate.

INT. LOWER LANDING - WING 5 - NIGHT

Four screws beat a Spanish inmate with truncheons. The inmate lies bleeding as the screws step back to admire their work.

Don Ignacious, the officer who escorted Chance to cell 98, smashes the inmate's ankle and knee to the sound of his weird laughter echoing around the wing.

INT. CELL 98 - DAY

A wailing siren and shouts of 'Recuento' awaken Chancer. The noise of crashing bolts add to the alarm of the moment.

Chancer and the Arabs dress and make their beds. The cell door bolt crashes noisily and the door opens outwards to reveal Don Ignacious.

DON IGNACIOUS
Recuento, recuento, Cabrones.

Standing in the open doorway, snarling and dishevelled, dressed in baggy blue serge trousers and light blue shirt with a metal badge pinned to the right breast pocket, glaring with glittering mad eyes, he then grunts and slams the door.

INT. TOP LANDING ON WING 5 - DAY

Chancer closes the cell door, slams the bolt and walks along the landing looking down on inmates below.

The noise of hundreds of shuffling feet and voices ease as heads crane upwards to watch Chancer.

INT. GROUND FLOOR WING 5 - DAY

Inmates milling around look up at Chancer descending the stairs toward them. Tribak and Hassan wave vigorously to attract his attention. Chancer nods recognition and snakes through the throng to join them.

HASSAN
We go eat now, look.

Hassan points as an iron gate opens and inmates flood through into a corridor forming a queue at the gate to the dining hall.

Several gypsies barge to the front of the queue. ALI SAFF, a big bald Arab standing behind Chancer growls.

ALI SAFF
Gypsy rats, Mister, beware of them.
They will kill you for a cigarette.

Chancer turns to look into the unblinking dark eyes of the huge athletic Arab with bulging muscles and big hard fists.

CHANCER

I don't smoke, Ghenghis, but thanks for the tip. You speak English, where are you from?

ALI SAFF

Iran, my name is Ali Saff.

Ali extends his big hand, Chancer shakes it, ignoring the pain as the massive fingers close around his bruised hand.

CHANCER

Chancer... made in England.

ALI SAFF

Enjoy your breakfast, it's the best meal of the day. I will talk with you later in the yard.

They release hands and shuffle into the dining hall.

INT. DINING HALL - WING 5 - DAY

Chancer loads his metal tray with bread, jam, margarine and a plastic mug of milky coffee. Hassan points to an empty table in the dining hall. Dozens of heads turn to watch him.

HASSAN

That is the English table, you must eat there.

Chancer plonks his tray on the table and cocks his leg over the bench to sit. He looks about, swigging his coffee.

Spanish gypsies in a huddle on their nearby table glare at him with intimidating sneers on their faces.

He surveys the dining hall. Many foreign eyes avert as he scans the tables, others blatantly ogle him... hostile.

Chancer gazes to the left where the French gaze impassively back at him. Several Arabs noisily chat as they look him over.

Hostile eyes meet Chancer's gaze as he scans left to see Spanish gypsies and South Americans scowling at him.

His gaze locks on the Spanish gypsy tables. Two of them get up and swagger towards Chancer, menace in their eyes.

The TALL GYPSY threatens Chancer with his clenched fist.

The dining hall falls silent. Food pauses near mouths.

TALL GYPSY

(speaking Spanish)

This table is reserved - *guiri!*

Leaning forward he punches into Chancer's face. Chancer catches the fist in the palm of his hand.

With a lightning strike to the throat followed by two very hard punches into each eye, Tall Gypsy is heading for the concrete.

A back-fist into the throat of the gypsy standing behind him and it's over... both men lie stunned on the concrete floor.

Everyone is looking; open mouthed, surprised and impressed. Ali Saff half smiles knowingly, he eats as other gypsies lift and carry their stunned compadres back to the table.

The duty screw approaches, slapping his truncheon.

PRISON OFFICER

Finito, fuera!

Chancer unhurriedly gathers his things, stacks his tray and leaves the dining hall.

The duty screw turns and looks at the face of the chief officer, DON RAFAEL, looking through a hatch at the far end of the dining hall.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Approximately 150 men stroll clockwise around the yard. Some of them jog as Chancer walks briskly alone through slower groups of strolling men; many eyes watch him.

Chancer marches around the yard taking in the high walls and bricks and mortar of the place. He notices the CCTV cameras turning on their mountings. He also notices several gypsies grouping ever closer to him.

A hand grabs his elbow. A GRIMY GYPSY grins at him.

GRIMY GYPSY

Hey, *guiri*, get me a coffee, just one for me, *por favor*.

Chancer slaps the hand from his elbow irritably.

CHANCER

No, no money, no *dinero*.

The gypsy's face changes from simpering beggar to total hatred as he pulls out a 9" long shank.

Nearby Arabs SHOUT a warning as gypsies make the ambush.

HASSAN

Watch out!

Hassan, Tribak and other Arabs rush forward as Chancer is surrounded by several gypsies closing in on him. Ali Saff's great head and shoulders surge through the crowd to join in.

Chancer parries the lunge, grabs the wrist and drives his palm-heel into the gypsy's jaw, noisily breaking it.

CHANCER

Taste that, you bastard!

Another gypsy stoops to grab the shank, Chancer stomps on the hand and with a tremendous downward punch knocks him out.

Ali Saff prowls menacingly between Chancer and the gypsies as the Arabs join him.

The Arabs square off with the gypsies as shouting prison officers intervene and grab Chancer's arms.

HASSAN

(shouts in Spanish)

Look, you are all blind! He has a shank! English was defending himself! Look, here it is!

Reluctantly, the screws let go of Chancer's arms as Hassan points to the shank in the hand of the unconscious gypsy.

Ali Saff walks away, a satisfied look on his face.

Arabs lead Chancer through the throng of onlookers and head to the *economato* (coffee shop) across the yard.

Don Raphael, the chief screw, sees it all from a cell window. His hard eyes shine as he grins knowingly.

INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer stands alone in the queue as men give him a wide berth and look at him as though he is a threat.

The queue moves forward but men behind Chancer don't move until he moves. Chancer sees Ali Saff ahead of him and shrugs.

ALI SAFF

They think you are crazy!

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Scruffy inmates dressed in dirty whites serve food to shuffling vociferous inmates.

Chancer picks his way to the English table where he sits alone. Tribak slinks over from the Arab tables and joins him.

TRIBAK

When we leave our tables to go upstairs, come with us. The gypsies will attack you if you are alone.

CHANCER

OK, thanks, Tribak.

Tribak slinks back to the Arab tables, taking abuse from the frogs as he passes. He doesn't look at them.

Chancer finishes lunch and joins Tribak and Hassan as they stack their trays and head for the cells.

INT. TOP LANDING - WING 5 - DAY

Cell doors open outwards creating bottlenecks along the landing.

Several groups of men add to the obstacles as the trio cautiously but swiftly move toward their cell at the far end of the landing.

Chancer hears a SHOUT from below. A gypsy draws his finger across his throat (throat-cutting gesture). Chancer replies with the FINGER.

INT. CELL 98 - DAY

Tribak and Hassan snore softly as Chancer silently practices combat techniques - thrusting finger strikes.

The sound of crashing bolts on the lower floors awaken the Arabs and they rise and wash their faces.

The bolt crashes and the door opens. A red-faced screw, DON FRANCISCO shouts obscenities as the trio grab their bags.

DON FRANCISCO

Out, niggers... and you, you English cunt.

They move out of the cell and Chancer looks into the glaring eyes of the screw.

CHANCER

Your English is good.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Strolling around the yard, Chancer sees a disturbance at the gate as new inmates are escorted into the yard. Chancer sees a familiar face and scowls as he recognises Paco.

Paco sees Chancer and makes a bee-line for him. The big grin disappears as he sees the scowl on Chancer's face.

PACO

It's good to see you, Chancer, but why are you looking at me like that? You think I fucked up?

CHANCER

Somebody fucked up! You got me here with your sob story, you sad shit!

PACO

We will soon find out who fucked up.
The police knew exactly where to catch
us... Anyway, our lawyer will get us
out on bail.

CHANCER

What lawyer? I haven't seen a soul
yet. How come you have a lawyer?

PACO

Don't worry, our lawyer was called an
hour after we were caught. He's
already on our case.

CHANCER

How many were caught?

PACO

Six of us, no one got away.

CHANCER

Six of us! Christ almighty! Who are
they? I only know you!

PACO

They don't matter, they are of no use.
They are only buyers. You will see, we
are needed on the outside, we are of
no use in here, the lawyer will get us
out... Pronto.

Paco fishes about in his pockets feeling for money.

PACO (CONT'D)

Here, take this money and get yourself
coffee and biscuits. I need to find my
cell-mate, I'll meet you later. Oh, I
forgot to tell you; my wife, Consuela,
went around to see Susan, so she knows
what's happened. I'll get a phone card
for you. You can call her tomorrow.

Chancer heads for the coffee queue, perplexed.

In the queue, Chancer is accosted by begging gypsies. Ignoring
them he walks away from the queue with coffee and biscuits and
sits at a nearby metal table deep in thought.

CHINKY appears out of the crowd and nimbly sits opposite
Chancer at the table. He looks about him cautiously as if being
followed. Ready to defend himself.

CHINKY

Hey, whassup, man? You miles away.

CHANCER

Hi, Chinky. Yeah, just thinking.
How're you? You look wound up.

CHINKY

Fuckin' gypoos, man. Dey're
everywhere; dey all carry shanks an' I
ain't got one. Not good man. Anyway,
you got money for coffee?

Digging in his pocket, Chancer hands over some change.

CHANCER

Yeah, here, take this.

Chinky jostles with beggars and returns with two coffees.

CHINKY

You got aggro with gypsies, Engrish -
not good. Gypsies come behind with
shank, but I watch your back.

CHANCER

Thanks, mate, stick around and I'll
watch yours.

The frown on Chinky's face is replaced with a confident, cheeky
grin as he warms even more to Chancer.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Look at this.

A beautiful girl wearing a mini-skirt and well filled white
blouse, carrying a plastic bag walks across the yard and into
the shower block followed by a crowd of Spaniards.

CHINKY

Come on, Boss, let's go see.

Undressed, in the shower, the pretty girl is revealed as a
transvestite. Chancer and Chinky walk out laughing.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer sits alone at the English table pushing his food around
the tray. Chinky appears before him with his tray of food.

CHINKY

How 'bout me sitting on Engrish table?
No probrem, Boss, I fuck off when
udder Engrish peoples come.

Chancer looks around to see dozens of hostile eyes on him,
mostly gypsies. Many of them negatively shaking their heads.

CHANCER

Sit down, Chinky. Welcome to England.

Widespread muttering with the words *guiiri* and *chino* CEASE as Chance stands and stares purposefully around him.

A very big man, known as JAKE, with masses of muscle, a pugilistic face and piercing blue eyes stands next to Chancer, who stops eating.

JAKE
(posh accent)
Do you mind if I join you, old chap?
My name is Jake. I am from Belgium but
I lived in London for a while.

Chancer grins as he looks at the giant before him.

CHANCER
Sit down, Jake. Nice of you to ask.

Jake laughing heartily, sits next to Chancer holding out his massive hand for a handshake.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
Chancer... what're you in for?

Jake pauses, his big hands ready to stab his food, looks across into Chancer's eyes. He attacks his food and talks as he eats.

JAKE
I was a bouncer and bodyguard in a
girlie club in Brussels, but I pinched
all the money in the safe. These
bastards caught me in Madrid.

Jake stops eating for a moment and looks about assertively.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You know, this is the first time I've
felt safe since I've been here. I'm
comfortable sitting here.

Chinky cheekily looks up into Jake's face and burps loudly.

CHINKY
Yeah, man, me too. 'specially next to
a big fucker like you.

A large Negro appears and stands across the table from Chancer. His name is LUCKY JOHNSTONE. He is muscular and his FACE is adorned with tribal scars.

LUCKY
Can I join your table before all the
seats are taken?

CHANCER
What're you in for?

LUCKY

Hashish - Cannabis resin by da ton...
I's a Rib jockey; jus' like you. You
don't know me but I first saw you in
Mar Chica loading your boat wid Lito,
da La Linea gypsy boss. King o' da
gypsies 'e is.

CHANCER

You talk too much. Sit down and shut
up.

Laughing, they all shake hands and eat their food.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

Chancer. Chinky, Lucky and Jake sit playing cards.

LUCKY

Da gypsies t'ink dey rule da roost
'ere an' shank anybody dey don't like.
Dey only likes demselves so we's all
on da shit list.

Lucky eyeballs Chinky and smirks.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

'specially niggers an' chinks.

JAKE

The gypsies will stab you in the back,
you know that, don't you? They put rat
shit in grooves near the point of
their spikes, the spicks call them
pinchous... and sometimes they use
shit from an Aids carrier.

Chinky pulls his face in disgust - then fear.

CHINKY

Fuck dat! Rat shit bad, Aids shit
deadly. Bad peoples these gypos.

Chancer fondly slaps his shoulder and tousles his hair.

CHANCER

Don't worry, Chinky, we'll watch each
others' backs from now on.

Tribak enters the cell, sits with Chancer and hands him a metal
nail file.

TRIBAK

I must return that in the morning.

CHANCER

OK, you can have it back tomorrow.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT.

In the moonlight, Chancer, face sweating profusely, FILES down the jagged edges of his broken teeth as Tribak and Hassan snore softly as blood drips from his chin.

Chancer, in bed, whispers The Lord's Prayer.

MONTAGE. SEQUENCE OF EARLY DAYS IN PRISON.

- A) Chancer performing press-ups in cell.
- B) Chancer, Chinky, Lucky and Jake, jogging in yard.
- C) Chancer writing letters in his cell.
- D) Chancer in kneeling meditating posture.
- E) Chancer performing karate kata.

INT. SHOWER BLOCK - DAY

Men showering. Room thick with steam. Gypsies enter.

LUCKY

What da fuck! Gypos - Watch out!

Naked men leave shower stalls to grab towels from benches.

JAKE

Watch out, they've got spikes!

Six gypsies lurk in the steam with *pinchous* in their hands; the points smeared with excrement.

Jake emerges from his steaming shower to slam his massive fist into the passing gypsy's face with a resounding CRUNCH as nose and cheekbone crack.

CHINKY

Venga! Come here, you bastard.

Chinky kicks into the groin of Nito, a senior gypsy and wrestles the spike out of his hand. Glancing at the rat shit in the grooves near the point. He slams it down into Nito's shoulder, snapping the collar bone and embedding it deep into the shoulder.

Chancer thrusts his rigid fingers into the eyes of a gypsy thug and slams his fist into his throat, dropping him. He parries another thrusting spike and again strikes the eyes of the second attacker.

Chancer grabs the weapon and stabs it in the gypsy's buttock who screams incoherently. He finishes him with a tremendous punch to the throat.

JAKE

Watch out, there's more of 'em!

Jake and Chinky batter Manolo, a big thug as Chancer parries a thrust from a tall skinny gypsy wielding a sharpened broom handle with Aids excrement smeared around the point.

Chance noisily breaks the gypsy's jaw with a palm heel strike and stabs the gypsy's foot with the broom handle. He looks about and heads for the door.

CHANCER

C'mon, you lot, get out!

Chancer grabs his clothes and runs out of the shower block, punching incoming gypsies out of his way.

INT. CELL BLOCK OPPOSITE SHOWERS - DAY

Looking through the cell window, Don Raphael grins as he sees Chancer punching his way out of the shower block claspings his clothes as he punches his way through.

INT. PRISON YARD - BARBER'S SHOP - DAY

Several inmates stare in amazement as Chancer enters naked, and quickly dresses.

Madly glaring about him, Chance throws his bag and wet towel at the transvestite barber knocking his wavy blonde wig askew.

CHANCER

Look after my kit, Alice. *Hasta luego!*

EXT. CHANCER'S COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan, dressed in a one-piece swimsuit, sunbathes next to the swimming pool surrounded by the dogs.

As one, the three dogs look to the north perimeter fence where bush movement attracts them - someone is there. A PEEPING TOM.

They race, grunting and growling to the spot where a man appears from behind a bush. The fence separates him from the dogs as they ferociously bark at him.

The man kicks the chain link fence which further infuriates the dogs as Susan arrives and challenges the man.

SUSAN

(breathless, angry)

What are you doing sneaking about?

PEEPING TOM

(speaks with a Dutch accent)

This side of the fence is my land.

SUSAN

Make sure you stay on it; you and your
bloody binoculars.

The Peeping Tom stumbles away muttering threats as Susan ushers the dogs back down the hillside.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SUSAN DRESSED IN SHORTS

- A) is hanging washing on the clothes line - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom slinks off, back into his house.
- B) Susan sunbathing next to pool - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom stumbles away.
- C) Peeping Tom is seen by the dogs and retaliates with a hose-pipe, squirting water at them and drenches Susan as she appears on the scene.

INT. WING 5 - OFFICE - DAY

Chancer stands opposite RAFA, Don Rafael, the tough-looking chief officer who sits at his litter strewn desk. Pointing at an empty chair, the screw gestures for Chancer to sit.

RAFA

(gruffly)
Sit down... smoke?

CHANCER

No, I don't smoke.

RAFA

Nor do I, look how these fuckers treat
my desk - shit everywhere!

With an angry sweep of his arm, the porn mags, newspapers, litter and overflowing ashtrays clatter to the floor, making the other screws jump and look nervously at each other. He shouts at them.

RAFA (CONT'D)

Fuera! Trabajad!

Four lounging screws slink out of the office as Chance eases himself into a chair.

RAFA (CONT'D)

(speaking English with East
Midlands accent)
Stinking fucking pigs! The laziest
fuckers on the planet.

Looking unblinkingly into Chancer's eyes, he continues.

RAFA (CONT'D)

You're ex-military, aren't you?

CHANCER

Yes, I was a professional soldier.

RAFA

(proudly)

Good! So was I, a para. Did you have anything to do with the French Foreign Legion?

CHANCER

No, but I had a friend who served as a Paratrooper with them. He became a warrant officer class one in the British Army and we were good pals. He was killed.

RAFA

What was his name?

CHANCER

Ken Bradshaw.

RAFA

(astonished)

I knew him! Isn't this a small world. I spent most of my legionnaire years in the same company. Fucking hell!

They eyeball each other across the table in a few seconds of silent respect for the man they both knew well.

CHANCER

How come you speak English with a Brummy accent?

RAFA

I have relatives in Nottingham. My father took me to live with them when I was 13 years old, so I did a couple of years in school there and I made a lot of friends, especially girlfriends. I shagged myself to a frazzle in Nottingham, I wish I'd never left there: I had the time of my life in that city.

CHANCER

Why did you leave then?

RAFA

I was army barmy. I was in the Army Cadets and when I found out I couldn't go straight into the SAS, I fucked off to France and joined the Legion.

Rafa opens his desk drawer and lifts out a file with the word *PELIGROSO* in red across it. Flipping through it he eyeballs Chancer over the top of it.

RAFA (CONT'D)

I see on your file you have a German yacht master ticket. How come it's kraut?

CHANCER

I did my course at the Royal Engineers Yacht Club at Kiel, in Germany, on the Baltic sea.

RAFA

And you're a martial arts instructor. What do you do?

CHANCER

Ju-jitsu and karate... 4th dan. Why are you interested? You must have done a bit in the Legion.

RAFA

Yep, I've done a bit alright. C'mon, I'll take you to the gym and show you around... you'll like it.

INT. CARABANCHEL CORRIDORS AND STAIRWAYS - DAY - TRACKING

Don Rafael and Chance walk briskly along dark corridors and up stairways. The sound of their footfalls echo. The gym duty screw opens the big steel gate and lets them in.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer inspects judo mats as Don Rafael punches the heavy bag. Chancer calls across to him.

CHANCER

How often can I come here?

RAFA

(shadow boxes, grins)
Play your cards right and I'll see to it you get a job in here as the instructor.

CHANCER

What cards are you talking about?

RAFA

You'll see soon enough. Be patient. Next week. I'll bring you a track suit bottom and maybe a judo top. I think there's a black belt lying around somewhere.

CHANCER

No, don't get that. Just an old sweatshirt will do. What have I done to deserve this?

Their eyes lock as Rafa stands, arms akimbo. Aggressive.

RAFA

You think we don't know how many gypsies you've battered? You are surrounded by *chivatos*, y'know, grasses, informers. If you do anything you don't want the screws to hear about, you must make sure there are no Spaniards about. Anyway, there's more to it than that. I'll tell you when I know you better and that won't take long.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

The bolt slides back on the cell door and it opens to reveal Rafa, the chief officer. Hassan and Tribak SCRAMBLE off their beds and stand to attention. Rafa grins at Chancer.

RAFA

C'mon, grab your kit, I'm putting you in another cell... alone.

CHANCER

Where to?

RAFA

Next floor down, I have an empty cell for you. C'mon, quietly.

Rafa nods at the Arabs and Chancer's bedding and walks out. Chancer follows, carrying his few belongings.

The Arabs struggle through the doorway with the bedding.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

The Arabs throw Chancer's bedding onto one of the two empty beds and straighten the bed clothes as Chancer dumps his kit on the table. Rafa beckons the Arabs to leave.

RAFA

Someone you know is being transferred to this wing. Let him share this cell with you, it is to your advantage... trust me.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Jogging around the yard, Chancer sees a familiar face. He recognizes KENNEDY, the short muscular man from Trinidad who he met at the loading docks in Morocco.

His cheeky black face breaks into a big grin as he spots Chancer. They converge and meet in the centre of the yard.

They shake hands vigorously and hug in a manly embrace.

KENNEDY

(Thick Caribbean accent)
I heard you was 'ere? What da fuck
'appened? Important peoples lookin'
fer you... jobs waitin' to be done.
Dey can't believe you got mixed up wid
fuckin' Paco an' his crew.

Chancer tries to speak but Kennedy preempts him.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Which cell are you in, Bro? I think
there might be room for me, yeah?

CHANCER

It's your lucky day, Bro.

KENNEDY

Great, Bro. I want in wid you. C'mon,
let's tell the duty screw now, and
then it's settled. C'mon!

INT. WING 5 - OFFICE - DAY

Rafa writes Kennedy's name in cell 45 on the wall chart.
Turning his head to look over his shoulder, he winks knowingly
and jerks his head, indicating they should go away.

RAFA

That's it, Kennedy. Now fuck off.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - PRISON YARD - DAY

Chancer, Kennedy, Chinky, Lucky and Jake sit around a metal
table sipping coffee. Chinky and Jake look intently at Kennedy,
taking it all in.

KENNEDY

... an' da spick bastard called me
Nigger, so I dropped him. Dat's why
I'm here. He was the chief gypsy on
cell block 7, so dey moved me here so
I wouldn't get stabbed.

CHINKY

The gypsies here already talk 'bout
you, so you ain't safe.

JAKE

(snide comment)
Yeah, they'll slide a spike into your
fucking liver before the week is out.

CHANCER

(hotly replies)
No they won't... we stick together
from now on.

CHINKY

Kiko and his gang already brag 'bout
how dey're gonna stab him.

CHANCER

Right, where are they?

Chinky twists on his seat and nods in the direction of
strolling groups of men.

CHINKY

See the tall fella wid the long black
hair? Dat's Kiko with his gang. Tattoo
on 'is neck.

CHANCER

Okay, Kennedy, you put Kiko in the
picture. We will take care of any back
stabbers... move now.

All five move as one from the table and head for the gypsies in
the yard.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The five pals quickly move in amongst the gypsies. Kennedy
confronts Kiko who is completely taken by surprise.

Other gypsies in the yard notice and move in.

KENNEDY

Hey, Kiko. Stab me now - *hijo de puta!*

Chancer moves quickly to intercept the biggest gypsy and grabs
his testicles and wind-pipe simultaneously.

He executes a take-down technique then chokes him near to death
as the gypsy voids his bladder.

Bolstered by reinforcements, Kiko lunges at Kennedy who bites
into his face. Kiko screams in agony.

Gypsies hit the deck as Ali Saff bursts through the crowd
punching through to join Chancer in the middle of it all.

Having the fight of their lives, the six men are joined by a
seventh - VITO, an adonis with lustrous long black hair,
reminiscent of Victor Mature.

He pounds gypsy faces in rapid succession. Blood spurts all
around as screws whistles blow.

The seven men break away from the crowd, and head to the four
corners of the yard to stroll nonchalantly with the strolling
inmates of the yard.

Don Rafael grins to himself as he looks on from an upper
window.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - PRISON YARD - DAY

Chancer, Lucky and Kennedy sit at a table as Chinky and Jake arrive with two cups of coffee each. Jake passes one to Chancer as Chinky hands another to Kennedy and Lucky.

KENNEDY

You're gonna have to teach me some of dat karate shit.

CHANCER

I will, I'm getting a job in the gym if Rafael the screw is as good as his word.

KENNEDY

Er... I was gonna get you a morning job in the *zapateria* next week.

CHANCER

What's the *zapateria*? And how can you get me a job?

Kennedy rolls his eyes and looks like he wishes Jake, Lucky and Chinky weren't listening.

KENNEDY

It's the prison workshop where shoes are made.

He looks about him furtively as though others are eavesdropping.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I can fix it so you can do mornin's in da workshops and afternoons in da gym. You get good money in da workshops and it gets you out of dis fuckin' yard. Also, I'll introduce you to some good people who will smooth things for a nice ride through your bird; I'll tell you 'bout it tonight when we're in da cell.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer, Kennedy, Lucky, Jake and Chinky stop eating as Ali Saff puts his food on the table and looks at Chancer.

ALI SAFF

May I?

Vito appears and puts his food next to Ali's on the table.

VITO

And me?

With his plastic fork, Chancer indicates for them to sit.

The dining hall fell to silence as the two men join Chancer, making the English table the most formidable in the hall.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

In the dim light of the cell, Kennedy looks over at Chancer as they lie on their beds. He's nearing the end of his tale.

KENNEDY

... and dat's it, Bro. All dese people are involved in da drugs racket. DON PABLO, da sub-director of da prison is da main man as far as you are concerned and he already knows 'bout you. I told him we go back a ways and we've worked together at sea.

CHANCER

Okay, that's fine. So he thinks I am going to work for him when I get out... together, me and you?

KENNEDY

Yeah, man. We can work togeder. We do nothing on da land; dey load da cargo, we sail it and dey unload it at de other end. A piece of piss, Bro. Dey're working on gettin' me out on bail right now so I can go to work for 'em. Dey'll be on your case next.

CHANCER

Who's they, exactly?

KENNEDY

Don Pablo's da real boss but da guys in Morocco do all da work. You prob'ly know Amer da colonel. He works out of Nador. Big noise.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Men stoop over workbenches manufacturing shoes, occasionally lifting their heads to peer at Chance and Kennedy standing at the furthest bench away from the entrance.

All of the men are Colombians, all 15 of them.

KENNEDY

Dis is your bench so don't allow any fucker else to use it.

Turning to a dimly lit doorway, Kennedy nods at it.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

See dis 'ere door... you will be able to make phone calls in dere shortly.
(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Pablo has given us a mobile and it's hidden on de other side of dat door. Dere's a duplicate key hidden in your workbench, so when coffee break happens, we'll nip in an' you can call your missus.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

The workers down tools and make for the exit to join the queue for coffee. Kennedy quickly gets the key to the storeroom and unlocks it.

Chancer and Kennedy slink inside and find the cellphone. Kennedy activates the phone and asks Chance for Susan's number, punching it in as he speaks, then hands it to him.

KENNEDY

Dere ya go, it's ringin'. I'll be outside, you've got five minutes.

Kennedy slinks out as Chancer listens eagerly.

INTERCUT-INT. STOREROOM. #1. EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. #2.

CHANCER #1

(into phone)

Hello Sweetheart, how's this for a surprise?

SUSAN #2

(into phone)

Is that you, Babe? Oooh, it's so good to hear your voice. Look, the dogs are running in. They know I'm talking to you! Oooh, how excited we all are! How are you, Babe? Are you alright?

CHANCER #1

Yeah, Babe, I'm fine, I'm fine, but how are you? Are you coping? Is everything alright? Do you need anything?

SUSAN #2

No, I'm OK if you're OK... but, errrm...

CHANCER #1

What is it? C'mon, Babe, I've only got seconds... what is it?

SUSAN #2

It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter... I'm alright.

CHANCER #1

Go on, tell me, I haven't got long, go on, tell me, Sweetheart, I can't be in here worrying about you!

SUSAN #2

It's the dutch guy next door, he keeps creeping around the fence looking at me, and the dogs don't like him... he squirted his hose-pipe over the dogs and then squirted me when I told him off... and he keeps on coming around with his binoculars... he gives me the creeps.

Chancer panics as Kennedy urgently knocks the door to end the call. Internally freaking out, he speaks calmly.

CHANCER #1

OK, Sweetheart, I've got to go now, but I'll call you again soon. Don't worry about the guy next door; he's harmless, he's frightened of the dogs so don't worry about him.

SUSAN #2

Alright, Babe, don't worry about me, I've got the dogs. You just keep yourself fit and healthy for me. I love you forever, Chris. Love ya, love ya, love yaaaaa.
(hangs up)

Chancer grimaces as he sadly closes the phone and lets Kennedy in.

KENNEDY

C'mon, Bro, dey'll be back from coffee break in a minute.

Ignoring Kennedy, Chancer grimaces as he opens the phone, he punches in the numbers of BLACK BOB, a fellow skipper and villain who is in Mustang Sally's bar when his phone rings.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S BAR - DAY

Black Bob, a swarthy heavy built man of 40, sips coffee and reads a newspaper when his phone rings. He flicks it open.

BLACK BOB

Yeah, who is it?

INTERCUT-STOREROOM. #1. MUSTANG SALLY'S BAR #2.

CHANCER #1

Chancer, here mate. I need a favour, pronto.

BLACK BOB #2

I thought you wuz fuckin' banged up,
mate. Where da fuck are ya?

CHANCER #1

Carabanchel mate, behind the door... I
don't have much time. Listen, my
missus...

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

Chancer and Kennedy lie on their beds chatting.

KENNEDY

Don Pablo will be in da workshop
tomorrow and he will take you to his
office so you can use da phone.

CHANCER

Why the fuck is he doing that?

KENNEDY

To make you feel better about being
part of things and to prove this ain't
bullshit.

EXT. PEEPING TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls into the gravel drive of the house and four big men
get out, their boots crunching on the gravel as they approach
the house.

The door flies open with the impact of the boot and three men
enter as one man, Black Bob, stands guard by the broken door.

Sounds of thumping and cries of pain bring a smile to Black
Bob. His grin broadens with the sound of breaking furniture and
glass. The men exit the house.

Black Bob, walks over to the bushes and chain-link fence and
shouts and waves to Susan who is hanging washing.

BLACK BOB

Put the kettle on, Susan. We'll be
around in a minute or two.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Don Pablo enters the workshop as coffee break begins and
indicates Chancer to follow him. Chancer catches up with him as
they exit the workshop.

INT. DON PABLO'S OFFICE - DAY

In his plush office, Don Pablo points at his desk telephone.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.
 (in heavily accented English)
 You come highly recommended,
 Christopher. Call your wife now... you
 have ten minutes. We will talk later.

Don Pablo enters a side room as Chancer dials the phone.

CHANCE
 Hello Sweetheart, guess what?

SUSAN (V.O.)
 You guess what, babe? Black Bob and
 his mates have just left. He assures
 me the man next door will not disturb
 me again. There was four of them so I
 gave them a cup of tea. The dogs loved
 them to bits. Rough diamonds, babe.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer eats as Kennedy sits next to him with a worried
 expression on his face.

CHANCER
 What's up with you?

KENNEDY
 I needs a big favour of ya, Bro an' I
 don't blame ya if ya refuse, Bro'.

CHANCER
 What the fuck is it?

KENNEDY
 I wanna bring another fella into our
 cell. Don't fret! He's a great bloke
 an' he'll make life much easier for
 us. You'll like him and he'll be a
 great help in da future.

CHANCER
 (curses under his breath)
 Who the fuck is it - the Director?

KENNEDY
 No, ya funny fucker! But he is well
 connected in da prison an' we'll get
 all kinds of good things when he moves
 in. What do ya say?

CHANCER
 You haven't told me who he is yet, you
 prick!

KENNEDY

Oh yeah. His name's ENRICO an' he's the richest an' most influential South American you'll ever meet.

Chance eyeballs Kennedy, who shifts uncomfortably.

CHANCER

So why does he want to move in with us?

Kennedy is crestfallen at Chancer's snapping back at him and emits a groaning sigh.

Chancer looks at him for a long moment then reluctantly smiles approval.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Okay, you twat! Where is he?

Kennedy's face breaks into an excited grin.

KENNEDY

He's in *ingreso*, the reception block.

CHANCER

What's he doing in there?

KENNEDY

Oh, it's political; he's been in dere fer months. He was a government minister but somehow he siphoned off millions of dollars an' shot over to Spain to spend it.

CHANCER

How did this rich, clever fella get caught?

KENNEDY

Well, nobody seemed to bother 'bout him until dey had a change of government; then some fucker decided to fuck 'im.

Kennedy holds Chancer's gaze, then in a more cheerful tone and wearing a big grin, hands Chancer a green apple.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

But I don't think he will be 'ere much longer, coz dere's new elections dis year an' da outcome looks set to be a highly desirable one fer 'im.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

Chancer and Kennedy fit a bed on top of Kennedy's bed, making it into a double bunk, one atop the other.

KENNEDY

I think I'll let 'im sleep below; he's older dan me.

CHANCER

You suck-holing nob-licker. You'll be asking me to move so's he can have my bed.

KENNEDY

Dat did cross my mind actually, so...

CHANCER

Piss off!

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The five pals stroll around the yard going with the flow of the throng, chatting amiably when the prison tannoy crackles loudly, the duty prison officer puffs into the microphone.

DUTY SCREW (V.O.)

Kennedy - *oficina ahora.*

KENNEDY

Dat'll be Enrico. I'll call ya if I needs a hand wid 'is kit.

CHANCER

What fucking kit?

KENNEDY

This man's got everything: a telly, cooking kit...

CHANCER

Fucking cooking kit! What the fuck is he going to cook?

KENNEDY

Listen, Bro', you won't be eating in the *comedor* when Enrico gets organized. You'll enjoy fresh food brought in from da street.

As Kennedy trots away to the office, Jake steps closer to Chance, concerned.

JAKE

Who the fuck is Enrico?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - DAY

Chance, Chinky, Lucky and Jake sit around the metal table sipping coffee as Kennedy arrives with an elegantly dressed middle-aged man who removes his Porche sun-glasses with one hand as he extends the other for a handshake.

ENRICO

Thank you for allowing me to join you,
Christopher. I will repay your
kindness in due course.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer and his group collect their food and head for the English table.

Several *Colombianos* call to Enrico to join them. He smiles and sits at the English table. Piqued, somebody throws a bread roll and hits Jake's head, causing much hilarity.

JAKE

You fucking spick twat!

Jake quickly crosses to the Colombians and pounds the head of the thrower. The Colombians watch him return with hate-filled eyes.

Chancer notices Kennedy's sparse tray.

CHANCER

You on a diet?

KENNEDY

No, dere's grub in da cell.

CHANCER

What kind of grub?

KENNEDY

You'll see when we go up jus' now.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - WING 5 - DAY

Chancer and his gang stroll amongst the shuffling horde of inmates waiting for the cells to open.

They are in the middle of a South American ambush.

JAKE

Watch out! The fuckers are all around
us.

Jake is the target and is surrounded by six men. Another twelve men move in fast.

Furious, focused violence erupts as Chance, Chinky, Lucky and Kennedy wade in.

Ali Saff and Vito barge through cheering spectators with ferocious violence.

Blood spurts as noses, throats and eyes are pounded by hard fists and boots.

Chancer head-butts, eye-gouges and punches face after face until it is over and grabs Enrico.

CHANCER

C'mon, Enrico, we're out of here!

Chancer hustles the shocked Enrico away from the melee and into the crowds of onlookers and barges his way through to distance themselves from the fast approaching screws.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

A TV sits on a small bedside cabinet, two reading lamps are on the new table surrounded by three tubular chairs. Cardboard boxes are crammed under the beds and a bulging plastic bag sits on the toilet. A bright red carpet covers the floor.

CHANCER

We ain't gonna hear Herbie coming with that carpet, are we?

ENRICO

Who is Herbie, Christopher?

CHANCER

Our resident cockroach, he races around here like a VW camper van.

Kennedy excitedly produces tins of food from one of the boxes. He also produces a forbidden tin-opener and gives Enrico a chastising look.

KENNEDY

Hey, man, der's tinned fruit 'ere and packets of spaghetti. Fuck me! Look at dis: der's tins of salmon an' corn' fuckin' beef!

They set about organizing the cell and stow Enrico's kit and lie on their beds watching TV.

Kennedy is on the top bunk above Enrico, smirking down on Chance.

CHANCER

You brown-nosed cunt.

Kennedy clambers down from his bunk.

KENNEDY

I'll fix supper. It looks like we's 'ere for de night. Dem screws'll keep us banged up till mornin' so fuck it, let's eat.

ENRICO

There's fresh bread and a tub of butter in that box there; we'll need to eat that first because I've ordered fresh for tomorrow. I've also arranged for new cooking equipment with Pablo, so that should also happen tomorrow.

CHANCER

Just what the fuck is going on with this fucking Pablo? And what cooking gear are you talking about?

ENRICO

(puzzled, prods Kennedy)
Have you not explained the situation with Pablo?

KENNEDY

Only about the telephone.

ENRICO

OK, Christopher. Pablo is my personal friend. We have been friends for a long time and we do business together outside. I can have almost anything I like from him; no questions asked from the screws. He knows all about yours and Kennedy's skills at sea and he has a stake in our future. So we must take advantage of his hospitality during our stay here.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

Chancer awakes to cornflakes, fresh milk and a corned-beef sandwich.

CHANCER

(talking with mouth full)
I'm going down to see the others at the English table.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Chancer glues soles on slippers as Kennedy approaches, grinning and rubbing his hands together in excitement.

CHANCER

What the fuck are you so pleased about? Are you getting out?

KENNEDY

Don Pablo jus' sent me round to tell you to start work in da gym disafternoon; but yeah, it looks like I'll be out soon.

(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Is it still on for me an' my missus to stay at your house?

CHANCER

Yeah, you can live in one of the apartments - she knows you and your missus need a place, I think she's looking forward to your company. Whatever happens, you must never take shit to my house and apart from your missus, nobody else comes to my house... no fucker!

KENNEDY

No sweat, Bro. I'll weigh ya missus off wid half of any dosh I makes from your contacts and I'll have work ready for ya when ya gets out. Jus' keep Pablo an' Enrico sweet.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Don Rafael approaches the English table. Everybody stops eating and looks at him in silence.

RAFA

(speaks in German)

Come to my office when you finish eating that shit.

CHANCER

(answers in German)

I've finished. Shall I come now?

RAFA

Ja, jetzt.

Chancer gets up from the table and follows the screw.

INT. WING 5 - OFFICE - DAY

Chancer sits facing Rafa across the office table.

RAFA

I hear you're Enrico's bodyguard; I bet you think Kennedy engineered that.

CHANCER

As it happens, you guessed right. Kennedy fixed it somehow.

RAFA

Somehow my arse! Me and Pablo fixed it, along with the job in the *zapateria*, and he told me today to put you in the gym, which I'd already fixed up for you anyway. I'll take you to the gym later. Fancy a coffee?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer, Rafa and three gym orderlies stand in a group chatting. Chancer shakes the hands of the orderlies then breaks off to wander over to the martial arts area.

He fetches a mop and bucket and starts mopping his area. Rafa exits the gym, chuckling.

RAFA

I'll come back for you during the last session. Don't fucking kill anyone... not till I get back.

Chancer mops as inmates pass by. They watch him curiously as they head for various bodybuilding apparatus.

Many eyes watch as he unhitches the heavy punch-bag, letting it fall to the floor with a loud thud. He kicks it over to the stack of judo mats.

ALI SAFF joins him as he soaps the punch-bag. He speaks in his gruff, Persian accent.

ALI SAFF

There are many stories about you, my brother, but to me you look just like a family man with children. I believe you are more out of place here than if you was on the moon.

CHANCER

That's right, Ali, but everything has a reason, so bollocks.

ALI SAFF

Yes, I agree. Destiny puts men together in dark places like this and though I like to be in control of my own destiny I feel we were thrust together here for a reason... not just to pass the time of day together until we get out.

CHANCER

That's fanciful thinking, Ali, so what have you got in mind?

ALI SAFF

The future, my inner self tells me to join you, my instincts are that we can work well together and you are an honourable man.

CHANCER

But you are stuck in here... and so am I. What the fuck do you want to happen?

ALI SAFF

I feel you will be out soon and so will I. The people I took the burn for are government ministers and they are working at getting me out before my case goes to trial. The last thing they want is to be implicated in a heroin trial.

CHANCER

OK, so you want to work with me when we get out. That's cool, but right now I need to sort this martial arts stuff out and we'll talk about it later.

Ali shifts to lean his elbows on the stack of judo mats, relaxing with his lower back against the pile he smiles.

ALI SAFF

I will be your first student, I am looking forward to this.

CHANCER

So you should, it's for free. But first you can help me clean the mats... they're filthy.

Chancer nods at the judo mats, indicating he is about to clean them. They each grab an end.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PREPARING THE COMBAT AREA

- A) Chancer and Ali scrubbing judo mats, chatting.
- B) Chancer and Ali laying the mats.
- C) Chancer and Ali hanging the heavy punch-bag.
- D) Bowing respectfully before stepping onto the mat.
- E) Warm up including kicks, blocks and punches.
- F) Practicing hip and shoulder throws.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer teaches Ali a defense technique and Ali uses an empty plastic bottle as a practice weapon.

Other inmates gather round, curious as Chancer slams big Ali onto the mat.

Ali picks up the plastic bottle and Chancer circles him then backs away to draw him away from the gathering spectators.

Chancer adopts his fighting stance as Ali lunges and thrusts the bottle at Chancer's guts.

Chancer parries the thrust and punches his palm heel into Ali's jaw just beneath the ear, pulling the punch so as not to concuss Ali.

At the moment of impact, four men barge through the spectators carrying shanks, their faces twisted in rage as they raise their arms to strike Chancer.

The flashing steel shanks glint in the sunlight from the skylight windows as they lunge at Chancer's back.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.